

Recd Sat. PM.
5/10/93 -
CEH

Tuesday May 12th '93

From the heart of the Alleghany
Mountains.

I greet you -

Dear Friend,

We have found a perfect
Paradise here with rambling
mountain paths extending in
all directions from the basin like
valley in which the hotel and
grounds are situated -

Soft balmy June weather and
such wild flowers. Did you ever
see any pink trilliums before? I
will put one in this letter..

Are you feeling quite restored
now? Clarence, I was so sorry to
hear you had been ill. I expect it
will make a hard spring work
for you to catch up. Eliza and
Mama are both getting strong gradually
but that venomous "Grippe" does hold
on so persistently.

It is just a little lonely here
as the hotel which entertains 2000
guests in the season contains just
two other guests besides ourselves —
a young lady and her invalid brother
from Milwaukee. We feel as if we
had landed on a magnificently
appointed deserted island.

The village — containing about
300 inhabitants mostly blacks, only
has 2 stores; and such a thing as

a library is not to be thought
of. — Hence we spend
most of our time dreaming dreams
outsketched on the prostrate form
of some gigantic forest tree,
and listening to the bird converse
or else speculating on the
prospect of letters by the next
mail. I feel myself becoming
a perfect vagabond, just soaking
in life and vitality every hour
and neither giving nor doing
anything for any one.

You would have laughed
if you had seen the picture
your Mother's kitchen presented
the evening we left home.

Lizzie and I appeared at the
back door just as the family
had seated themselves at the
suffer table. we escorted in
a basket about the size of
a Saratoga trunk filled
with butter, lard, bacon, vegetables
head and coasts of meat etc.
The whole contents of our larder
for George and Willaby to

carry down to the old people
that might.

I have your photo
before me as I write it is one of
my notions that I always like
to talk to my friends - looking
them straight in the face.

I like that picture of yours
it has a straight forward, dead
in-carnest look. I should like
to write a great deal more but
~~but~~ this box of soft air with a
bunk of violets just opposite my
window are too enticing I cannot
stop any longer.

Your Sincere friend
Grace,

White Sulphur Springs
Greenbrier Co.

West Virginia.

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May 5/1892
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Mr. Charles E. Heringway
45 College St.
Oberlin
Ohio

